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December 14th, 1887.

No. 562.

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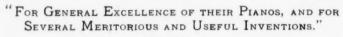
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ADOLPHE HENSELT

It is with the greatest pleasure that I have just played upon your pianos, and can not refrain from expressing to you in writing my admiration, and how much I was satisfied with them.

MARMONTEL

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Professor Darwin is not the only one who has been STRUCK by the likeness which many men bear to monkeys. Imitation seems to be the strongest point of similarity, and many men, like their prototype, imitate very readily, while they lack the power to ORIGINATE. + +





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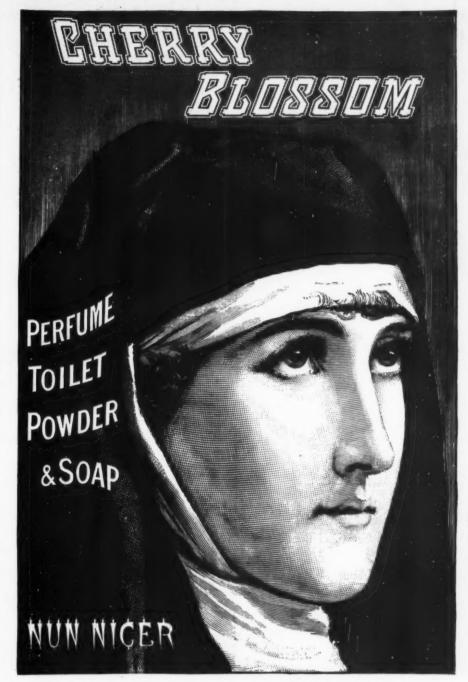
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CHAMPION CONTINENTS. 0F TW0

An Interesting Comparison of THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world. The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

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New York, December 14th, 1887.

K. Reader, Esq .- Dear Sir:

You are hereby informed that Pickings from Puck, 4th Crop, has been out for some days, and that what is left of the edition is better than the three previous crops put together, which is a very large say to say.

You are also informed that "The Funny Baby," No. 5 of Puck's LIBRARY, is out, and that it offers a fund of humor unparalleled in the chronicles of amusing infancy.

The price of Pickings from Puck is 25 cents; of "The Funny Baby" 10 cents; or you can have both together at the unprecedented reduction of 35 cents.

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IN FOLLY'S GLASS come take a look,
And lay aside the graver book;
Pause in your task a little while,
To feed starved Fancy on a smile;
Allow the merry maid of Mirth
A moment ere the New Year's birth;
And let her lead you by the hand
Into the fields of Playday Land,
Where leisure-loving breezes blow
And turn to blossoms sleet and snow;
There sit you down—a show shall pass
Before you in the magic glass,
Wreathed and beflowered and spangle-stuck—
The pageant of the

Christmas Puck.



UPON THE CARDS.

She sits beside the roses sent he meant;

She sits beside the rot what has set

By one who said not what as yet and right;

By one rot oread undealt left and right.

And tries to ards and eatt left white.

You the poor cards dearn, more choice, more not the correct of the poor cards are fair, more and the poor cards more fair.

Dear girl! and so she dreams and hopes; hopes; In the dim future Fancy gropes steals And all her hope its courage steals. From cards that idle Fashion deals.

This is the time to wish to all

The kindliest fortune that may fall:

The kindliest fortune that may fall:

The kindliest fortune that may fall:

To her, a lover's word—to him

Those tender eyes—that corner dim:

Those tender eyes—that corner fact

To us, dear friends, the tender hart

To us, dear friends, the tender face

Whose beat enacts another's part—

Whose beat enacts another's part—

A heart more glad that her grace—

A heart more glad holier grace—

Takes on a new and holier grace—

Takes on a new and holier arise time

Takes on a new and holier frace—

H. C. E.

Love turns Life's prose to rhythm and rhyme

H. C. E.

elude of intogues

A COMMON FAULT.

"I saw you at the theatre last night, Jack."
"No, did you? What did you think of the little party with me, Gus?" "Too much bustle and hat, and not enough girl," said Gus, critically.

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE.

"Can I see your father for a few moments before I go, Miss Hendricks?" he asked: "I want to speak to him upon a matter of impor-

"Certainly, Mr. Sampson," replied the girl with a blush.

After Mr. Sampson had taken his departure with a happy smile upon his face, Miss Hendricks found her way to her father's shoulder, and, stealing one arm about his neck, whispered:

"What did he want, papa?" "He is agent for a patent gas-burner," said the old man: "and I've agreed to give it a trial."

LOCAL PRIDE.

CHICAGOAN (to INQUIRING STRANGER in station).- The way to the Palmer House? Certainly. Let's see; are you at all familiar with the city?

STRANGER.-Well, not exactly. I was born here, but left when I was three months' old, and this is my first visit since then.

CHICAGOAN (enthusiastically) .- Oh, well, you won't know the town now; there 's been so many improvements since then!

A DESERVING ONE.

Young Lady (to Jailer). - Can I distribute a

few flowers to the poor prisoners, sir?

JAILER.—Certainly, Miss. There is a man over there who is in for abusing his wife. Don't fail to give him some posies!

CLASHING HOSPITALITY.

Parson.—We had a little gathering at the church last night, and I was very much disappointed to note the absence of Mrs. Quimple and yourself.

Mr. QUIMPLE. - We should surely have been there, but we had a little gathering at our house, which unfortunately fell on the same date.

Parson (injuredly) .- You did n't invite me. brother Quimple.

Mr. QUIMPLE.-No; it was a small partyonly five of us. Self, wife, nurse and-twins.

OFF FOR THE ANTIPODES.

"Good-bye!" he said brokenly, and his frame shook with emotion: "Good-bye, and may heaven bless you! Remember, Miss Smith, that although I can not win your love, I shall always be your devoted friend; and if at any time I can be of service to you, you will have but to command me. I leave for Australia to-night. Goodbye!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Gerridge," said Miss Smith, in a low tone of voice: "to have been the means of driving you so far from home; but since you are so kind as to offer your services, I will ask you to mail a letter for me on your way to the train."

HE HAD A PURPOSE.

CHARLES (looking into Angelina's eyes with a sad, but determined gaze) .- And so I am to

take this as a formal and final dismissal?

Angelina (toying with her fan and his feelings).—Well, you know I am changeable.

Charles.—Yes; but I am not.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

AGENT (to MAN AT THE DOOR) .- Is the head of the house in, sir?

MAN AT THE DOOR.—Yes; she's in. What

do you want of her?

DULLING THE EDGE OF HUSBANDRY.

Brown (to Robinson).—Let us cross the street. see Smith coming, and I don't want to meet him. I owe him a little money.

ROBINSON.—You're all right. He'll cross the

street as soon as he sees us. He owes me money.

ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER.

Pardanelle (after the first shot, takes advantage of the smoke and drops into a deserted well.

SICARD (taking similar advantage, gets behind a tree.)

PARDANELLE'S SECOND (as smoke clears away). -Gentlemen, the honor of two brave Frenchmen is protected. They have obliterated each other!





BIG SLIPPERS AND LITTLE SLIPPERS.

ou could almost hide Little Slippers in the toes of Big Slippers, because Little Slippers are very, very small for the size of foot they pinch, and Big Slippers are ridiculously, luxuriously large for the man who wears them.

Big Slippers are mine, and Little Slippers are her's; and we are each others' that is to say, we are married.

The other evening I came home from a hard day's work, and

found Big Slippers and Little Slippers standing side by side in front of an open fire in the grate; for it was a cold evening, and the wind was brisk. The owner of Little Slippers was out; but with her customary thoughtfulness, she had prepared all the accessories of a cheerful welcome for me. The fire was burning its brightest; my evening paper lay on the table, under the softly-glowing student lamp, and a cigar—yes, a cigar, for my little wife loves to watch the curling smoke as well as I do-tempted me, standing upright in a dainty glass vase.

However, I touched neither cigar nor paper; but sat down in my easy chair before the fire, and, fixing my eyes on Big Slippers and Little Slippers, began to muse, and, finally, to talk out loud.

"Let me see, Big Slippers," said I: "how old are you-that is, how long have you kept company with Little Slippers?"

Big Slippers moved uneasily on the rug, and presently, with a very shame-faced expression, replied: "I don't remember."

"O, don't remember, ch? Well, that 's a pretty admission for a fellow of your apparent affection and devotion to make. How long has it been, Little

Slippers?"
The red rosettes on Little Slippers blushed all over. The all the rosier in the fire-light, as

the fire-light, as
she answered, sweetly:

"It is just four years today since Big Slippers and Little
Slippers were married."

"The deuce it is!" I exclaimed, jumpand hitting the table a savage rap. Then

"The deuce it is!" I exclaimed, jumping up, and hitting the table a savage rap. Then
I sat down again, and said, softly: "I had forgotten
it, Little Slippers—yes, I had forgotten it, selfish fellow that
I am." Just then I looked at Big Slippers, and he was laughing.
"You rascal, what do you mean by laughing?" I shouted, in a terrible rage: "This is a fine time for you to laugh!"

"I was just thinking," said Big Slippers, respectfully: "concerning what you have just said, that it was a 'pretty admission for a fellow of your apparent affection and devotion to make."

"Big Slippers!" I cried, with considerable emotion: "you are a person of a great deal of discretion, and some brains. Suppose we never

son of a great deal of discretion, and some brains. Suppose we never mention this matter, outside of Little Slippers's hearing?"

Agreed!" said Big Slippers.

I leaned back in my easy chair with a sigh of relief, and was much gratified to see that, in spite of the ragged old fellow's brief and treacherous memory, Little Slippers snuggled all the closer to Big Slippers on

the rug.
"Well," said I, complacently, after lighting the cigar that stood in the vase, and puffing a few rings of smoke toward the ceiling: "you two

people seem to be pretty well satisfied with each other, although you have been married four years.

Little Slippers blushed again, perceiving that my remark was (naturally enough) addressed to her. Looking very modestly down at her toes, she replied, in tones that made the blood pour in floods of wine and misc through all my veins: "I think Big Slippers is the dearest, sweetest, kindest, handsomest husband there is in the whole world!"

I choked a little, and my eyes were a trifle damp, as I turned to Big Slippers, and cried: "Now, sir; what have you to say to that?"

"It is very pretty and very nice," said Big Slippers, complacently. "Sirrah!" I exclaimed, starting forward, as though to trample him in my wrath: "is that all you have to offer in return for sweet Little Slippers's love, you ingrate, you selfish, egotistical, unsympathetic, puffedup, meagre-souled brute!"

"Oh, don't!" cried Little Slippers, beginning to cry: "Big Slip-pers is just as noble, and good, and warm-hearted, and unselfish, and sympathetic as he can be; and he loves me dearly; only, perhaps, he does n't like to show it before others."
"Well, if he doesn't like to show it before others," I replied, still with some warmth: "he does n't deserve to enjoy such an experience. Now, if he was my hus-band, I'd— I'd—" But just at this point, I suddenly became aware that my cigar was going out, and it became necessary for me to stop and puff vigorously for quite a while. Once or twice I thought I caught Big Slippers looking at me with a significant and

somewhat annoying expression, but I said nothing, for I had no breath to spare. When my cigar was burning again, I threw myself back in my chair, and puffed thoughtfully for some minutes without looking at Big Slippers and Little Slippers. At length I resumed the talk, asking, with some vexation: "Big Slippers, why is it that you look so much more shabby than Little Slippers-out at the toes, and rusty along the sides, and ragged at the edges, and all that? You have been married no longer than she has.

Big Slippers sulked at this, and would not answer; but Little Slippers exclaimed, quite hotly for her: "I do think you are too bad! Big Slippers does n't look that way. He is as spruce as any gentleman, and twice as handsome as most of them. As for being worn more than I

am, he might be, (for he does such a lot of work!) but he is n't. If you will

be so good as to examine me very closely, you will see that I am as thin as a wafer in a good many places, and my heels are beginning to turn sideways.

"You dear Little Slippers!" I cried: "you are n't getting worn a bit-nonsense! You are as fresh, and handsome, and straight, and strong as the day you left the shop to get married; and you can pinch just as tightly as ever you But as for Big Slippers, look how he has spread out-what a great, ungainly, sprawling





Y NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE was robbed last night, I wish it had been mine: Should thieves break in a dozen times, Be sure I'd not repine.



From top to toe my wife has stored The house with bric-à-brac The halls are filled with China jars, The walls with tile and plaque.



I scarce have room to turn around. So many statues stand In bisque and marble, bronze and brass, About on every hand.



But then, of course, I do not want The thieves themselves to choose; I'd like to give a hint as to

And if the thieves would clear my walls Of card and screen and plaque, The obligation would be one I never could pay back.

And cheerfully I'd say "Good-bye'

With their uplifted swords.

To those bronze knights and lords Who hercely frown and threaten me

Just what I want to lose. Which stands there by the door; The peacock feathers, match-safes, fans, All real Japanese; And suits of armor, I wish those Obliging thieves would seize.

First, just let them take that monster vase I'm tired of tripping over it And falling on the floor.

A simpering shepherdess or two, Their grinning shepherd mates, And fifty other things in bisque, With scores of metal plates.



Without a single pang I'd part With seven China pugs, With goggling eyes, that take their ease On seven Smyrna rugs.

And let them take the new guitar On which no one can play; The banjo, too, be-ribboned in The most æsthetic way.

And should I lose that tapestry, I would n't care a rush; Nor this monstrosity in silk, That other one in plush.

The painted candles and the lamps, Which never save me gas, The thousand hammered ornaments. The latest things in brass.



So thieves, come on, here is your chance— Come, and be rich for life! I'll even leave the door unlocked, But-do not tell my wife.

J. Campbell.

fellow he is! He does n't deserve to stand on the same rug with a neat, trim little beauty, like his wife. I declare, I have half-

"Now, now!" came a merry voice from behind my chair, while a soft hand was laid upon my lips, and peals of happy laughter filled all the house: "What is this nonsense that my ridiculous, foolish, delightfully inconsistent, dear, funny, old, worn-out husband has been talking to himself all this time? How long do you suppose I have been standing behind your chair, holding my poor sides with all my might and main? Oh, dear, dear—dear! Oh!—my!"

I did not jump up. I did not even rise. I did not know what to do. Little wife was bending over the top of the chair, laughing, sobbing-I could not tell which. Pretty soon a tear came plashing down on my hand. I could n't stand it any longer. I just held out my arms, and something—or, rather, somebody—stole into them, and nestled there.

"Little Slippers," I asked, in as severe a tone as I could: "how much did you hear of my foolish talk? I thought you were out."

"I was out, but I came directly after you did, Big Slippers."
"Then you heard it all?"
"I'm—afraid so."

"Did I say any thing I ought not to have said, Little Slippers?"

"What was it?"

"You said that you—at least, you said that Big Slippers was a self-ish, forgetful, shabby, unsympathetic, ungainly—brute!"
"And is n't he?"

"No!" (prolonged and accompanied with an emphatic hug.)

"What is he, then?"

"He is noble, and good, and warm-hearted, and unselfish, and sympathetic. He is the dearest, sweetest, kindest, handsomest husband there is in the whole world!"

(Instead of stars, slip in kisses!)

"Little Slippers, what shall it be?"

"A seal-skin sacque and a new muff—for Christmas!"

"And what am I to have-now?"

Without a word, Little Slippers reached down, took something from beneath the chair, and laid it in mv hands. I unwrapped the parcel. It was a new pair of Big Slippers.

Paul Pastnor.





AN AFFECTING TALE OF YOUTHFUL PROMISE THAT WAS NOT FULFILLED.



in my early youth to be altogether too valuable and fragile to be en-dangered by contact with the rougher and more common material at a public school. Therefore, until I was about ten years' old, my education was carefully administered under strictly home rule.

By the time that I was ten years' old the advent of other children had injured my uniqueness, and my parents' faith in my value and fragility. I was accordingly taken to a public school, with an education that differed exceedingly from that of the average small boy of my years, being in some respects superior and in some inferior.

As its inferiority was in lines most valued by youth of my age, to wit, a thorough acquaintance with well-known games and received traditions, and its superiority was mainly in arithmetic, geography and English literature, which at that time did n't seem to count for much, I was made to feel that I was somewhat behind my fellows.

My father enlivened the walk to the school-house by a number of very encouraging statements which had rather a forced sound to me. He seemed to me to have quite the air of a doctor giving to his patient the most favorable prognosis possible of a very grave disease. I walked up to the school-house with very much the same sinking at heart that I had experienced on several visits to the dentist; and, so strong was the power of association, that I seemed to detect a faint odor of ether in the air.

The school-mistress was a rather masculine-looking person, with very black eyes and a very firm mouth. She smiled on me in a way that was meant to be reassuring; but I interpreted her smile as signifying her delight on welcoming a new victim. As soon as my father left me, the school-

mistress took me by the hand and led me to my desk. Then it was that I met Old Jonesy, though I did not at that time know him by his distinguishing appella-

"This is Master" was William Jones," was what she said as she seated me by the side of a small boy of about my own age, with a light and freckled complexion, a mop of sandy hair, two extremely large front teeth, and a very sober face.

I was at that time too bewildered to be struck by the look of superior wisdom which I afterward recognized as the characteristic expression of Master William Jones. He eyed me all over in a very solemn way.

From my Oxford ties to my butterfly neck-tie, Master Jones sub-ed me to a careful and rigid scrutiny. He offered no opinion as the jected me to a careful and rigid scrutiny. He offered no opinion as the result of his examination; but after a few minutes he bent toward me and gravely whispered: "Got a knife?"

nodded, and he relapsed into silence and the contemplation of a soiled arithmetic which he held in his hand.

In considering the character of Old Jonesy, I am somewhat biased now by impressions of him that belong to my early youth. If in my reminiscences I present him as something of a fraud, I want it to be understood that he produced no such impression at that time, but was revered

and looked up to with an unquestioning faith.

It was at recess, that brief oasis in the desert of school life which cheers and refreshes the weary seeker after knowledge, that I first learned

in what estimation Old Jonesy was held by his fellow-students, and what my privilege was in being granted a seat by his side—a distinction which I was supposed to owe to the fact that my father was a com-

mittee-man. On the strength of a two-bladed knife which I produced, I was immediately made a member of Old Jonesy's celebrated band of Indian

scouts.

In looking back upon Old Jonesy I can see that he must have been something of a reader, and that his inventions probably took color from the last story which he had read. At this period of my acquaintance with him he must, I think, have been reading Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales." He was regarded by the entire school as an expert hunter and guide, and he was the head and chief of a band of Indian scouts. Before assigning me a position in this band of savages, Old Jonesy examined my knife with great care. He said that it would do, but suggested several improvements which would make it more valuable as a scalping-knife. I was disappointed to find that none of them seemed quite practicable. To de-

termine the acuteness of my sense of smell, for the band of scouts tracked their prey largely by scent, Old Jonesy made me shut my eyes, and then held in succession one or two parcels under my nose.

I recognized one of them as sassafras, and, upon saying so, was informed that the correct Indian pronuncia-tion was "saxafrax." The others I failed on; but, although the examination was not a complete success, I was enrolled into the band as the "Black Eagle," by which name I was to be known on the war-path.



On Saturday afternoons we used to go to a spot in the woods which was known as "The Cave." There certainly used to be a cave there, though I could find nothing but an overhanging rock when I strolled up there the other day, and as for the subterranean passage, that only the boldest of the Indians dared to explore, I could reach my cane through it from one end to the other. Every thing in the woods seems to have shrunk since those days. It was a wild and presumably dangerous locality then, and it was only implicit confidence in the skill and bravery of our

leader that gave us courage to explore the mysterious depths of the forest. Before crossing the pasture lot which led to the woods, Old Jonesy would lie down and put his ear to the ground. If there had been a hostile band or a treacherous pale-face within a radius of five miles, Old Jonesy's quick ear would have instantly detected it. We stood in solemn silence until it was pronounced Then, when the edge of the woods safe to go on. was reached, the twigs and bushes had to be very carefully examined.

Occasionally Old Jonesy would show us a broken

twig which indicated that about four hours before a deer had passed that way; or a torn leaf by which he could read that, in the early morning a pale-face, carrying a gun and wearing high boots and a broad felt hat, had pushed his way through the thicket. It was wonderful how much that boy could read from a broken We spent the afternoon in hunting the enemy.

When Old Jonesy's remarkable woodlore and his powers of divination are considered, it is strange that the enemy should have succeeded in eluding us;

but he did, and during the few weeks that the band of Indian scouts existed, we never found him, though we sought him faithfully.

After a few weeks of scouting, Old Jonesy must have finished Cooper and taken Charles Lever in hand; for we found, without any warning, that we were no longer a band of Indians, but officers in an Irish regiment.

We should have had horses to have enabled us to fill the parts that were now assigned to us; instead of which we were obliged to content ourselves with tales which Old Jonesy told us of his own feats of horsemanship. They were certainly very impressive. As a vast amount of duelling was expected of us in this new rôle, Old Jonesy taught us to Our swords were made of lath, the handles whittled down and a cross-piece nailed on for a guard. Old Jonesy managed the duels. He told us when we had been insulted; we could never have found it out for ourselves. When the notice was served that an insult had been offered, the principals stalked off in a dignified silence while the seconds arranged the meeting.

The preliminaries having been settled to everybody's satisfaction, at the solemn moment the principals were escorted by their seconds to the appointed place. This was usually behind the wood-shed in my father's vard. On the ground, the swords were carefully inspected by the seconds and measured to see that neither of the combatants had any unfair advantage in the length. Jackets were thrown off, and a leather belt drawn tightly around the waist of each of the pale, determined warriors. Old Jonesy said "en gardy," and the conflict began.

On the strength of a small mahogany box which I found somewhere about the house, and which contained originally some silver spoons, I was appointed the surgeon of the regiment, and I attended all of these conflicts with the small box under my arm. My services were only required once. Major Palmer, in a fierce conflict, had a piece of skin knocked off the back of his hand. He was supported in the arms of Old Jonesy until I had treated the wound with court-plaster, bandaged his hand, and put his arm in a sling.

Then Old Jonesy began Marryat, and the wood-shed was metamor-phosed into a full-rigged ship, with Old Jonesy as rear-admiral; and nothing but his coolness and perfect seamanship could have brought us safely through some of the tempests we braved. It was a thrilling sight to see him, standing on the two planks across a wheel-barrow, which constituted our quarter-deck, shouting orders to his crew through a section of stovepipe; and with what desperate daring did he lay us along-side of a French three-decker, greatly our superior in armament and tonnage; and, having thrown grappling-irons over her side, lead his crew, with the cry: "Boarders, follow me!" to her decks and victory. The nautical terms with which he sprinkled his conversation were simply astonishing. He knew knots and splices without number. One particularly complicated knot, which he called the "Pirates' Noose," was a secret of his own.

At last Old Jonesy moved away, and his band of followers gradually broke up. We did n't know where he went to. Before his departure he hinted mysteriously that he was about to engage in some perilous enter-

prise which was likely to try even his iron nerve. He was seen by some of us, riding down to the railway station with his father and mother, and that was the last we knew of him. A small boy who went to Troy on a visit to some of his relatives, spread a report that he had seen Old Jonesy there. He also saw a torch-light procession in Troy, and I think that he must have got a little mixed up about it, for we gathered from the crossexaminations to which we subjected him, the impression that it had been a celebration in honor of Old Jonesy, who rode on a black horse at the

head of the procession. It was a long time before the

vivid impression of Old Jonesy's skill and daring faded from my mind. I believed in him thorough ly, as, indeed, we all did, and I used to be in constant expectation that he would turn up as the hero of some courageous exploit. was impossible that he should remain unknown and unhonored.

I should never have been surprised to have read that the young man who, at the peril of his own life, saved two women and four small children from the burning building was named William Jones, or that William Jones was named as a prominent candidate for the Presidential chair.

Last summer I slung my knapsack over my shoulder, and started for a walk through the upper part of the county, off from the line of travel and the railroad, through a broad village

street where Lafayette and his army once encamped, and by the white house where Washington used to consult with Brother Jonathan, to put up for a night at a tavern which had been on the post-road, and where the fast stage had stopped while its passengers supped in the long diningroom that now echoed to the tread of the solitary maid who brought me a beefsteak that, in spite of my remonstrances, had been fried.

One glorious morning I had climbed a long hill, and stopped for a minute on the top to rest and look about me. Before me was a crossroad, and on the corner a small country store; down the road were a few straggling houses, and on one side a severely plain, low, white building which I recognized as the school-house. It had been long enough since I breakfasted to make the prospect of crackers and cheese rather alluring, and I strolled leisurely toward the store.

The proprietor, a stout good-natured looking man with sandy hair, stood in his shirt-sleeves at the door. There was something strangely familiar about his face. I bade him good morning, and ate my crackers and cheese, while he looked me over curiously. Walking for pleasure is a problem that the rustic mind struggles with in vain. He questioned me a little about my walk, and when I had finished my lunch I bade him good morning, and went on down the road, still puzzled by the familiarity of

As I passed the school-house, the scholars were coming out for recess, and a small tow-headed boy with a freckled face stepped into the road before me, followed by two or three others. There was absolutely no mistaking that boy, and I looked down involuntarily to see if I were wearing a jacket again, and had drifted back in life thirty years. headed boy and his followers carried in their hands sharp-pointed sticks, and I heard him say: "You must creep up soft and spear 'em when you see their backs,"

I stopped them, and asked what they were going to do, "Spear salmon at the Falls," said the tow-headed boy. "What is your name?" I asked.
"William Jones," he

answered.

"And is that your father's store?" I asked, pointing back down the

He turned and looked where I could still see the proprietor standing in the door, with his hands in his pockets, head and nodded his

Then I knew that I had met Old Jonesy.



Walter Learned.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE (a June bride, just in her new quarters and not of the honeymoon's last quarter).

THE CALLER (of no consequence whatever),

and

HENRY (incontestably the principal character, although he does n't appear at all).

[Scene. - Mrs. Youngwife's parlor. Crayon of Henry over mantel. Photograph of Henry on table. Henry's slippers by the fire-place. Henry's lingering cigar smoke in the air—in short, suggestions of HENRY everywhere. CALLER en scène. To her-

(Enter Mrs. Youngwiff, somehow giving the impression of being more Henrylish than any thing else in the whole Henrylied house.)

Mrs. Youngwife (vivaciously).-Why, how do you do? I'm awfully glad to see you—but, oh, I'm so sorry that Henry is n't at home—I truly am! He's detained at the office by extra work, poor fellow. He's so industrious, Henry is!

THE CALLER. -Yes, I-

Mrs. Youngwife. — And, of course, you have n't seen his last picture; here it is. It's an excellent likeness, don't you think? And yet it really does n't do him justice-the artist said his expression was very unusual. He's so peculiar, Henry is!
THE CALLER.—Yes-

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—So, perhaps you'll like this cabinet better—Henry does. But he says he thinks it's a case of six of the one and halfa-dozen of the other-ha, ha, ha! He 's so epigrammatic, Henry is!

THE CALLER (seizing her opportunity) .-

It 's extremely warm this afternoon,

MRS. YOUNGWIFE. — There! Exactly as Henry predicted! This very morning he said:
"Now, Julia, see if we don't have a roaster—a regular sizzler"—in that humorous way of his, you know; and now it's turned out just as he He always was so meteorological!

THE CALLER (stolidly continuing) .- And I notice that almost every

body seems preparing to leave town.

Mrs. Youngwife (scornfully).—Henry is n't. When we arrived home the other day, he said: "Jule" (you know how abbreviating he is!)

10 I stir out of the city this blessed summer." That shows how inhabitive Henry is!

(Pause, during which Mrs. Youngwife caressingly dusts photograph and tenderly rearranges slippers. Then—)
MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Henry—

THE CALLER (desperately) .- Oh, have you read Tolstoi's last? I-MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Henry has. And he does n't like it at all. "Why," he said, only yesterday: "it's just nothing but highflown flumadiddle, and that's flat!" He really did. He's so condemnatory, Henry is!

THE CALLER.—Many people speak very highly of the book.

Mrs. Youngwife (with decision).—Henry—

THE CALLER (persevering) .- What do you think?

Mrs. Youngwife (slightly ruffled). - Why, I've just told you Henry's opinion of it!

THE CALLER (finding situation dangerous) .- I think I shall run down

to Bar Harbor next week.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Goodness gracious, how can you? Now, Henry hates Bar Harbor. He says he's no use for the place in his business not the least. He's so metaphorical, Henry is!

THE CALLER .- I did n't know he 'd ever been there.

Mrs. Youngwife.—He never has.

THE CALLER. - Then, how

Mrs. Youngwife.—And that 's just why I wonder at your going.

(This subject being evidently settled beyond dispute—)
THE CALLER.—I hear Dr. Chasuble is to resign the rectorship of St. Polysperchon.

Mrs. Youngwife. - Well, I should think he would! Henry has been very much dissatisfied with him for a long time; he does n't like the Doctor's views on open communion a particle. He takes great interest in the discussion-he's so theological, Henry is!

The Caller.—The Doctor is reluctant to resign, I understand.

Mrs. Youngwife.—He would n't be if he knew what Hen—

THE CALLER.—And the parish is nearly unanimous in desiring him to remain.

Mrs. Youngwife.—Unanimous! Unanimous! I'm surprised that

you should say "unanimous" when Henry—
THE CALLER (hastily).—I said "nearly unanimous."
Mrs. Youngwife (severely).—Very far from it, I should say. Henry is n't unanimous a bit!

THE CALLER (again getting out of danger).—The Social Club had a delightful meeting last evening.

Mrs. Youngwife (coldly).—Ah, indeed? Henry did n't go.

The Caller (persisting in iniquity).—

Even more delightful than the last.

Mrs. Youngwife (icily).—Than the last?

Why, Henry went to that!

THE CALLER. — You probably know that there was an election of officers?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE (spitefully).—And they made a great mistake in not choosing Henry for President. He's so parliamentary, Henry is!

THE CALLER.—But-

THE CALLER.—But—
MRS. YOUNGWIFE (tossing her head).—
Though, of course, he would n't have taken the position. "I don't want any part of their old club," said he. He's so unambitious, Henry is!

THE CALLER (finding every topic beset with perils, and concluding to escape).—Well, really,

I must-(rises.)

Mrs. Youngwife.-What? Going? You have n't seen-

THE CALLER. -- I know I have n't-

Mrs. Youngwife. - You'd enjoy yourself immensely with him. He 's so entertaining, Henry is!

THE CALLER. -Yes.

Mrs. Youngwife.—And so conversational!

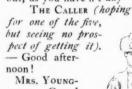
THE CALLER. - Certainly.

Mrs. Youngwife. - And so-

THE CALLER (beating a disorderly retreat).—Indeed he is, and more, (At the door.) Oh! It's raining hard, and I've no umbrella!

Mrs. Youngwife (in great agitation).—Neither has Henry! Here

are five umbrellas in the rack and none-not even one-at the office. Oh, dear me! I'm awfully afraid he'll get wet and be ill—he's so delicate, Henry is! And do you suppose he'll wait till it stops, or take a car, or will he be wild enough to walk up in the rain?—he's so adventurous!—and if you had an umbrella I'd ask you to walk down and meet him; but, as you have n't any-



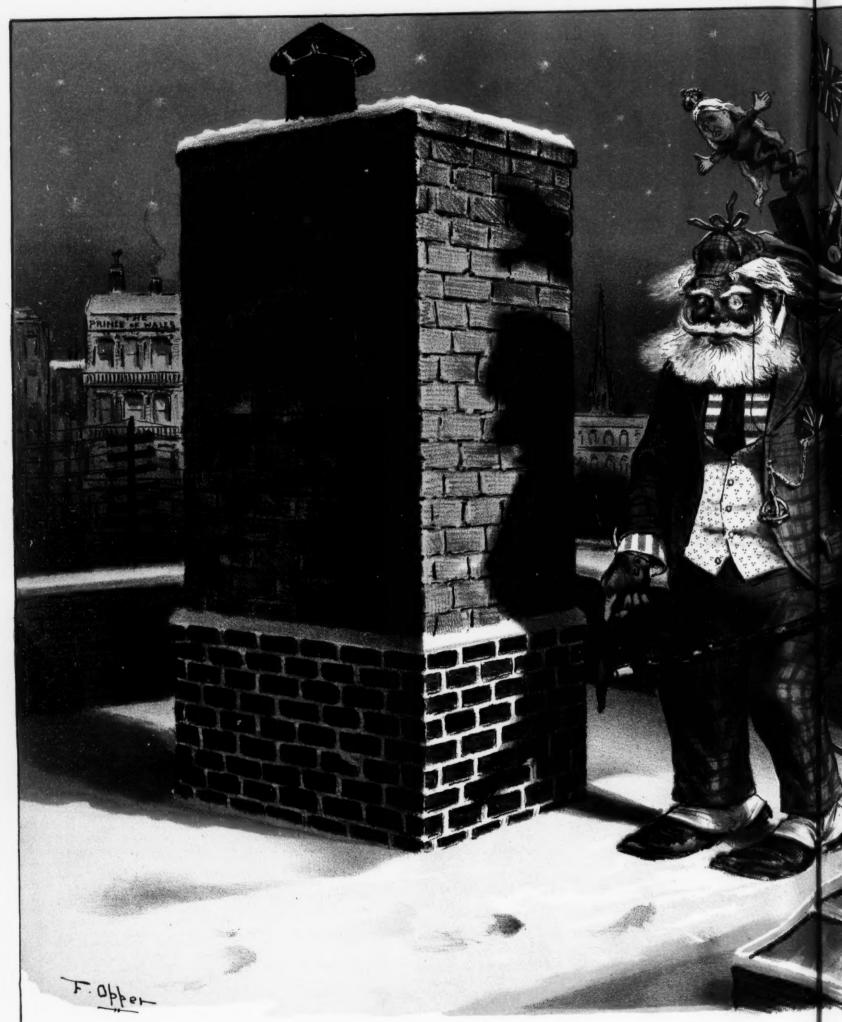
WIFE. - Good af- oh, there's Henry! Hen-ry! Wait one moment, and I 'll run to meet you with the umbrella! Henry!

[CALLER sneaks away unnoticed and forgotten.]

Manley H. Pike.



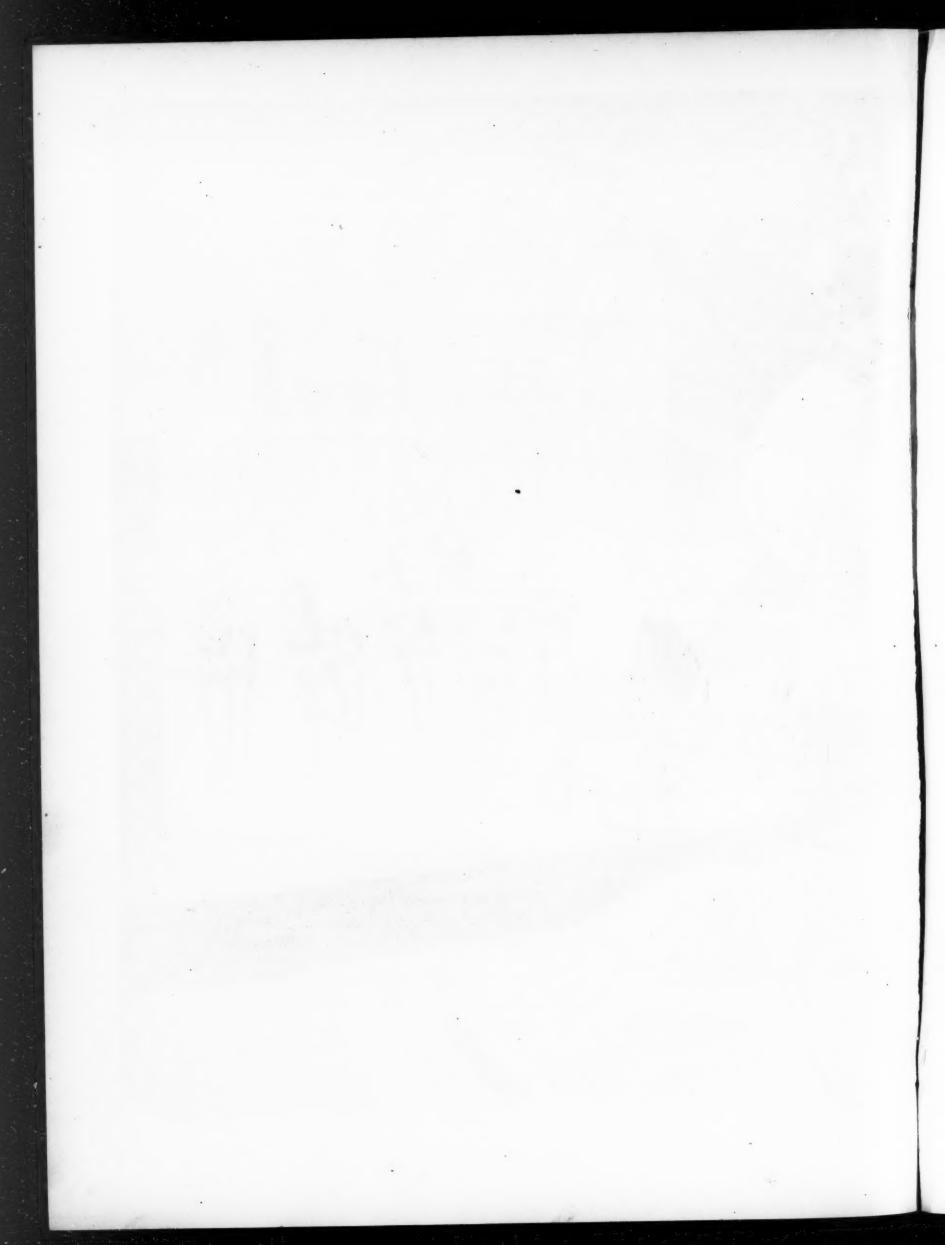




ENGLISH, DU I



GLISH, DU KNOW!



LITTLE FREDDY RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HIS COUNTRY COUSIN.

AND GETS UP, FOR HIS AMUSEMENT, A SERIES OF PLEASANT REPRODUCTIONS OF HISTORICAL SCENES.



Spartacus in the Arena.

Spartacus ... LITTLE FREDDY.

Vanquished Gladiator COUNTRY COUSIN.



Hanging of Major André.
Officer in Charge...LITTLE FREDDY.
Major André.....COUNTRY COUSIN.



The Torture of the Italian Inquisition.

Grand Inquisitor......LITTLE FREDDY.
Prisoner......COUNTRY COUSIN.



Captain Kidd Making a Captive Walk the Plank.
Captain Kidd.....LITTLE FREDDY.
Captive.....COUNTRY COUSIN.





MISS EFFIE'S AGREEABLE REFLECTIONS,

Upon Making an Interesting Discovery Just After the X-mas Tableaux.

I SAW HIM slip on the ring,
And I heard him whisper and say:
"You must not wear it where people can see,
For a year and a day."

They did n't know that I saw—
It was after our Christmas play—
And she was a milkmaid, and he was a beau;
I Queen of the May.

But I saw them behind the screen;
And I knew why they wished to stay;
And I quietly peeked around the edge—
Oh, was n't it gay!

And now for a year at least
I shall have my own little way;
I shall feast on bon-bons and caramels,
O sister May!

You will never complain of me
If I happen to disobey;
And if he does n't want the engagement known—
Well, candy 's pay.

It's uncommonly nice for me;
And uncommonly nice for May—
For he'll work for his bride—and for me beside—
For a year and a day!

A MISFIT DINNER.



was seven o'clock on a Christmas night in New York. It was not a typical Christmas night. A raw wind whistled through the streets, defying great coats and mufflers, and the dust rolled in

clouds along the highway.
"A stage illusion for the clear, bracing air and flying snow of a real white Christmas," was the thought of a man hurrying across an up-town avenue block, as he felt the penetrating chill of the

blast, and lowered his head to keep the cutting particles of grit

There were not many people abroad in this region. It was early for the theatre-goers, and society on Christmas night is selfish, shutting its doors upon outsiders, and sitting in family groups by its own private hearth-stones. Except for an occasional rattling carriage, or brisk walker, like himself, the rows of street lamps lighted up a desert-ed thoroughfare. Midway between two crossings the pedestrian halted an instant before running quickly up the steps of a large brown-stone house which faced him. It was a table-d'hôte restaurant, and its swinging doors, flying open at his touch, let a rush of heated air and a complicated, though not unsavory odor pass into the outer atmosphere before they settled in place again.

Into the long room opening from the hall, the man went It was brilliantly lighted, and its triple row of tables offered scarce a vacant chair to the new-comer. But there is nothing more elastic than the capacity of a restaurant to a would-be diner, and in a few moments the delayed guest stretched his legs beneath the not inhospitable board of a small corner-table, while a tall, elderly waiter, with four parties already under his tender protection, stretched his care-taking wing over his dinnerless head mutely eloquent.

As has been said, the room was large and brilliantly lighted; the heavy white decorations of ceiling and walls plentifully lined with gilt, which, with the several tall mirrors to reflect the glitter and sparkle, produced a sufficiently dazzling effect now in the flood of gas, but doubtless looked rather dingy when the clear

light of day filtered through the lace-draped windows.
"Gorgeous enough," mused the late-comer, unfolding his napkin: "but a misfit, too. A room which has outlived its purpose is not unlike an individual who finds himself in a niche in life for which he was not designed—and this white and gold apartment," further reflected the corner philosopher: "built for the drawing-room of opulence and social distinction, filled probably many times with the belles and beaux of fashionable New York a quarter of a century ago, has by no means seen its greatest change to-night. It will next be the show-room of some fashionable tradesman; then office, probably, of some manufacturing business, and, like the fine old mansions further down-town, will run the gamut of various grades and occupations till it ends in-an opium-joint, perhaps," cutting his reflections suddenly short as the soup-tureen arrived.

"How's this, François, no oysters to-night?"

"Such a rush, Monsieur; we not prepare so many; very sorry," explained François, and he was off like a shot to

serve the pièce de resistance at the next table.

"Humph!" muttered the philosopher, coming back to reality with a dull thud; and, such is the powerful hold matter has upon mind occasionally, the fish, with plentiful libations of claret, had come and gone before his equanimity began to be restored. He noted, with a sort of grim amusement, that a waiter was serving the two big red-faced men at the next table with a dessert of plum pudding smoking with brandy sauce.

"It will take more than a plum pudding to put a Christmas spirit in those coarse fellows. Bah! I don't believe they even know the Story of Bethlehem!"

And then, suddenly, though the room was as warm and light and full as before, a sense of the hollowness of it all possessed him.

"Sham Christmas cheer, the shadow for the substance," he thought sadly: "to sit alone under the holly and mistletoe, and have your plum pudding compounded by a foreign restaurateur."

He looked around the room. What sorry fate had driven so many, with himself, into this poor refuge for a yule-tide banquet.

He raised his glass: "Strangers and aliens," he said, mentally: "but sharers to-night in a common unhappy destiny, I salute you!"

Then he drank long and deeply. The din of dining was at its height; waiters flew through the room like meteors; the murmur of voices rose and fell, and the popping of a champagne cork made itself heard at

rare intervals above the other sounds.

He ordered another bottle. "Chianti, this time, François!" which

added a spur to the tall waiter's flying feet.

Suddenly a woman's fresh clear laugh rang out, and he raised his eyes to see that its owner was one of a party of five at a large table near the middle of the room.

Cato let his eye wander slowly over the three women and two

"A couple of clerks giving a taste of city life to some country friends" he decided after a leisurely scrutiny, "for the girl with the laugh like Minnehaha is not a product of this wilderness of brick and mort tar. Her mouth is large and her ears are coarse; but, bless her, she is refreshing; she is wreathed in a halo of buttercups and daisies."

The Chianti had come. "How her honest eyes glow under this novel dissipation! That doubtful claret, which she drinks like butter-milk, has set her pulses throbbing, and the

blood bounding through her veins

"But Phyllis, my girl, this is no place for you on Christmas night. You are a misfit here, like the room and—myself," and then suddenly, as he slowly sipped his wine, the white and gold apartment fell away, and in its stead rose a vision of a little cottage nestled among country hills. Outside, over the snow-covered fields and through the leafless branches of the trees the bleak winds whistled, but within all was light and warmth and comfort. Before a glowing fire they sat—he and she —she with honest eyes and fresh face like the girl with the bubbling laugh, keeping Christmas night together in bridal tenderness, reveling in the dual happiness of the magic glow of the season and the deep content of newly wedded joy.

And other Christmases came, blustering and fierce without, but always tender and warm within. And little stockings hung now about the chimney-piece, and little forms stole down the stairway in the misty dawn to peer for Santa Claus's gifts, while he and she watched and waited for the delighted shout that told of treasure trove. And the years rolled by, and the nights grew colder outside, while the tender glow remained within, for he and she lingered, drawing closer together, she with many a touch of silver in her brown hair, but still clear of eye and sweet of voice, ruling her bonny lads and lasses with gentle sway, and ever for her husband trailing the flowery

garment of her wifely tenderness over life's rough pathway. And at last-But François is putting a dish before him, and the girl at the middle

table is drawing her wrap about her.
With a sigh he pulls himself together.

François deftly plumps some ice into his glass.

He glances at the man. "That will do, François,"
he says, pleasantly: "You seem tired, mon garcon." "Not very, Monsieur."

"You should not be here on Christmas night, François. You ought to be at home with your wife and babies. "Ah, Monsieur is good. I am not married, Monsieur." "Ahem! You may bring me another pat of butter."
The butter is brought.

"Thanks. Ah, François," pulling his moustache: "do you know the party just leaving-those at the large table there?

"Oh, yes, Monsieur; they come here often—that is, the ladies; the gentlemen's different every time. They belong to the grand opera ballet, you know, what you call Coryphées.
"Ah!"

"Yes, Monsieur; that one just now going out [it is Phyllis], she dance à ravir. She will be a première danseuse soon, I suppose. I was in the gallery last week when she do a 'pas seule.' Ah, magnifique!"

And François threw up his hands in ec-

static remembrance.

But Cato fell to eating his filet sternly, grateful that the mushrooms were only oyster-plant.



Philip H. Welch.

IN THE ATTIC.

Bathreadbare sleeve Looks cold and strange this festive weather; And yet, content With blessings sent, My heart and I jog on together.

I smoke and dream; The street lights gleam
Below me, and the crowd that surges But footway claim, And move the same To wedding chimes, or funeral dirges.

My good cigar Glows like a star, 'Tis from a box a woman sent me; Such kindly thrift In Christmas gift Hath pleasant magic to content me.

Then let me view, My smoke-cloud through, Old flames-old joys-old Christmas treasures; The eyes I loved, The paths I roved In that dear world of sweet lost pleasures.



The rustic maid
Who gayly strayed,
With me, to pluck the holly berry; The belle in plush, Who stepped through slush On Broadway crossings, blithe and merry.

The flying ride, Where sleighers glide
While bells rang soft from tower and steeple;
The moonlight fair, Like unheard prayer Good angels breathe for worldly people.

The kiss-the vow-(Forgotten now; Alas, for passion's fickle glowing!)
The castles fair That rose in air, The bubbles bright of fancy's blowing.

Ah, sweet and vain! Yet come again, Dear dreams, to haunt my lonely attic-Dear days long gone Still, still live on In visions baseless but ecstatic!

'Tis Christmas Eve, Why should I grieve? The world has kindly hearts in plenty; Love holds its charm, And blushes warm The dimpled cheek of sweet-and-twenty.

So Christmas cheer Must still be dear,
Though small my portion of its treasure; A kiss, a joke,
A quiet smoke,
And lo! Fate's hand hath filled my measure.

Then, joy bells, chime! Though thought and rhyme May idly drift, like floating feather; Yet still content With blessings sent, My heart and I jog on together.

Madeline S. Bridges.

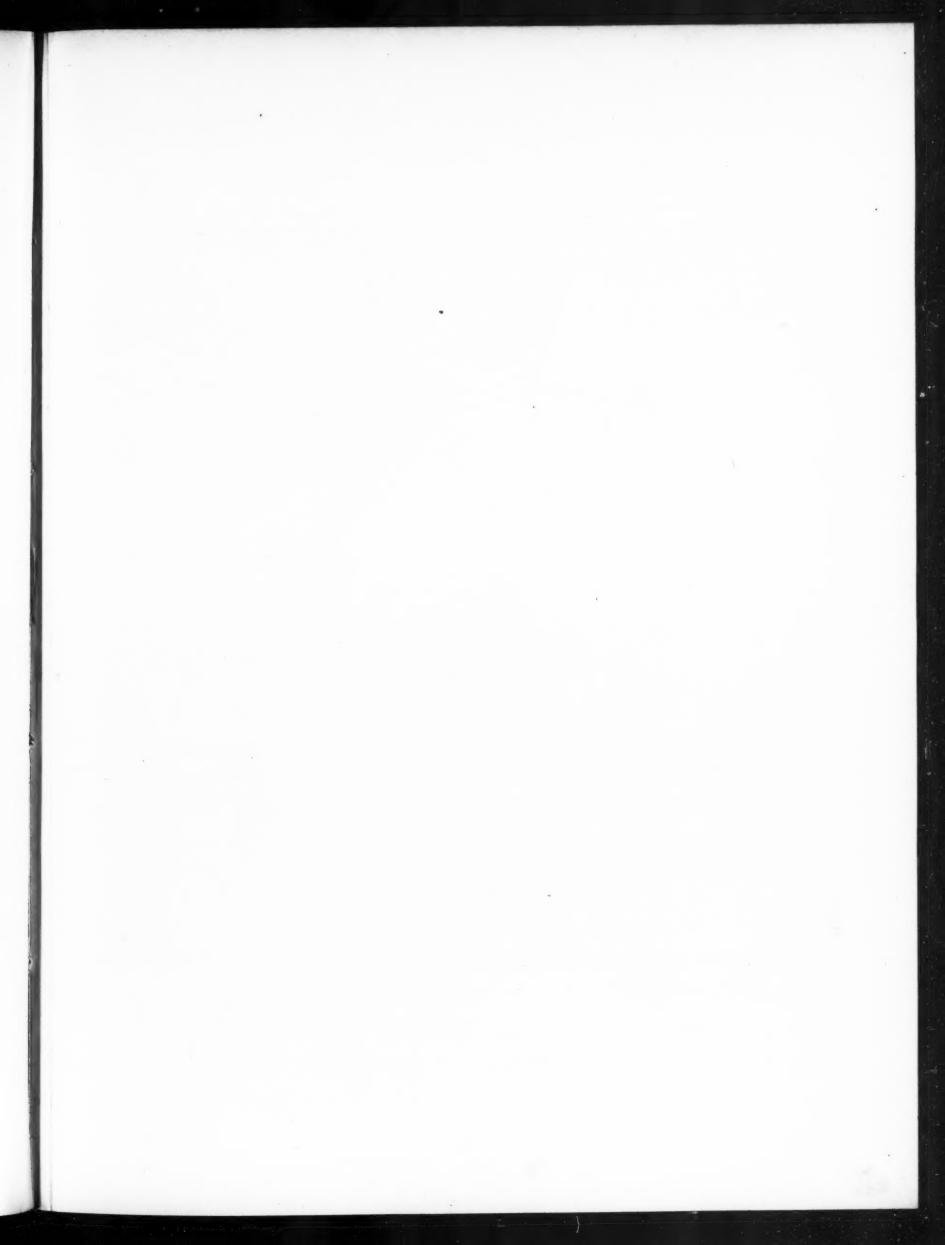


A LAPSUS GASTRONOMÆ.

MRS. CANTOR.—Are you sure as to Baron Schweinfurth's credentials, August?

MR. CANTOR.—Certainly. Why do you ask?

MRS. CANTOR.—It seems strange that a German Baron, with a castle at Sonderhausen, should drink Rhine wine with his candied rose-leaves at dinner!

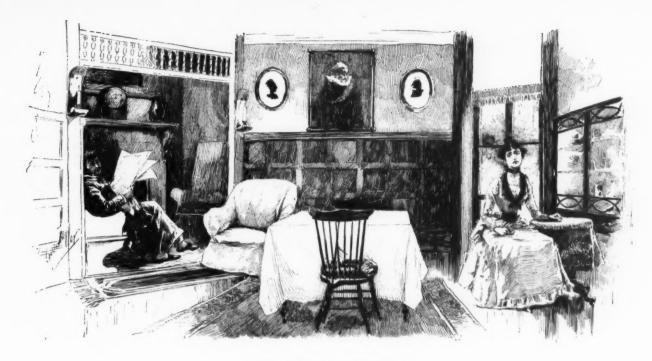


THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.



PUCK'S PRIZE CHRISTMAS PUZZLE PICTURE. For Particulars, see Advertising Pages VII. and VIII.





BY LOCAL TALENT.

THE EVENTFUL NIGHT had come on which the "Amateur Dramatic Club" was to present the laughable comedy-drama, "Married Life," for the benefit of a well-known charity, and "a large and cultivated audience

filled the house in every part."

For an account of what the L. and C. audience heard, the glowing description in the local paper will have to be consulted; but this is about the way the "dialogue" and "business" went behind

Mr. Coddle.—Well, what sort of a

house've we got, any way? Enough to pay—
MR. Dove.—Oh, say, Jim; don't peek
out through the curtain that way; nothing gives an amateur show away like-Mr. Younghusband .- Any you fel-

lows seen my wig? I left it right—
The Stage Manager.—S-h-h-h—
Mrs. Lynx.—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Where is that piece

of lace I brought for-MR. DISMAL.—Can't some one come and help me with this moustache? It sticks to my fingers, and I can't make the blank, blank, blank-

Mr. Dove.-Oh, look here, what that old fool of a costumer has sent me! One black and one white stocking for knee-

Mrs. Coddle.-"Go to the woman who lawfully

claims you, and never let me-"

Mrs. Younghusband .- Oh, let up on that, Grace; ou'll break down if you keep saying your part over like-

Mr. Coddle.—I want a pin.
The Stage Manager.—Really, people, you must keep more quiet. If you only realized how plainly the

MRS. DISMAL. - See how this train hangs now! It-

MRS. DOVE .- Come, powder my hair, Kate; will you? I'm just curtain till-Where is that long piece ofwild and-

Mrs. Lynx.—Oh, I've torn my dress on that nasty old scene! What

Mrs. Coddle.—"I look upon you, madam, as a dangerous woman; the very"—

THE STAGE MANAGER. -- Sh-h-h-h-h-h-

Mr. Lynx.—Shall I wear this dressing-gown in the first scene, or-Mrs. Y.—Have I got too much powder on my face and—

MR. D.—Which end of this wig goes on in front? The—MR. Dis.—House is just packed out in front; you—

Mrs. Dis.—Don't you feel awfully nervous, Mary?

Mrs. L.—Horribly! I know I shall break—

Mr. Y.—Why, Jim, you've got your whiskers on upside down!

Mrs. D.—Now, when you come in, Mary, what shall I do to—Mrs. C.—Has any one got a book? I've forgotten my part, and—

Mr. L .- Now, Charlie, in that second scene be sure and give me

THE S. M.-Keep quiet, for heav-

en's sake. You'll— Mrs. Dis.—See, Grace, have I

black enough under my eyes for the—
Mr. C.—Now, who 's going to attend to that red-fire for the first act,

Mrs. Y.—Please, Mark, just try this over with me once more: erick, how can you talk to me in that"— Mr. Y.—O, bother, Jessie! We've

rehearsed that dialogue until I 'm hearti-

Mrs. L .- Do you think we will get many flowers, Lou? I just know that that swell Mr. Ingot will send me-

Mrs. D.—Can't some one help me make up? I have n't-

Mr. D.—Oh, say, what do I do when Coddle drags me down to the R. U. E. and—

Mr. L.—This coat does n't fit me within four miles. I won't—
The S. M.—Will you all keep still for just one

little minute, so I can-Mrs. C .- There goes the orchestra! Oh, is n't

that waltz just too-MRS. Dis .- Is n't there any water to drink? I'm

Mr. C.—Now, what 's my cue to come— Mr. Y.—Oh, say, Charlie, did n't you bring down that white coat for-

Mr. L.—The orchestra has stopped. Now we

I know I - Do I stand - Don't raise the Sh-h-h-h-h-Have you any black—Face the audience sure in—Heaven's name, don't say your lines as though—"You were in me power then, but"—Rats—Has any one seen—Sh-h-h-h-They 're gettin' impatient out-How I dread to face-Get in your places now and—Just one minute, I—

THE S. M .- All ready therecareful!

THE BELL. - Ting-a-ling-ling. And the curtain rolled softly up, disclosing a breakfast scene at Mr. Lynx's palatial residence, without a blooming thing to eat on the table.





THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.

A LADY AND A TIGER.

THAT! egg on toast again?" thundered Mr. Jenkins as he approached the breakfast-table: "We've had egg on toast every morning for a month, and I told you yesterday that if you had it again I'd go to a restaurant!" and with that Mr. Jenkins slammed out of the house and headed for Delmonico's. By the time he got there, however, he had cooled down and was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and his conscience pricked him so for the way in which he had spoken to his wife that he did n't want any breakfast at all; however, it was too late to back-down now, so he fell to studying the bill-of-fare with a worried and perplexed expression on

"Lemme see," ruminated Mr. Jenkins: "Maquereau frais sauté fines herbes; Perche au bleu; Eperlans frits. Humph! I don't know what any his present appetite; so at last with a sigh he turned to the impatient waiter and said meekly: "Give me a cup of coffee and—er—an egg on toast!"

When Mr. Jenkins returned home he begged his wife's pardon like a man, and nothing further was said on the matter at the time; but, that night, just as Mr. Jenkins was dropping off to sleep in a very contented frame of mind, his wife said in a whisper:

"John!"
"Yes."

"Are you awake?"
"Yes."

"What did you have for breakfast this morning at the restaurant?" Roland King.



POLITE UNDER DISADVANTAGES.

SUDDENLY-APPEARING PARTY.—'Scuse mah, Boss, fer sp'ilin' yo' pick'l fish'n fer a litty wharl, but dey 's done been a bahpt'sm up de ribber, en Pahs'n Fohster slipped undah de aice sem tarm I did. Wants ter know kin he kim up out 'r de sem or'fice wivout 'sturbin yo'?

of those things are, and would n't want any of them if I did! Morue à la creme-dear me! 'morue' means 'dead,' I believe! Don't want any of that, certainly! Escalope de Veau à la Maréchal; Poulet sauté à l'Africaine. Well! well! that must mean African Parrots! I wonder what they 'l! be having next! Croquette de Pommes; Beefsteak aux truffles beefsteak and mushrooms! And that means toadstools and the Coroner! Bah! Carte du jour; Saucisson de Lyon—Oh, bother all these French messes! And why can't they talk United States, I'd like to know!" And with that Mr. Jenkins threw down the bill-of-fare, and began to cudgel his brains to find something suitable. Beefsteak and fried potatos was the only thing he could think of, and that was altogether too formidable for

IN ENGLAND there are lords, and in Scotland lairds. If we had a nobility, no doubt the Cincinnati and Chicago peers would be known as "lards."

AN INNOCENT old lady, noticing the word "environs" for the first time, denounced it as some new-fangled Boston name for "andirons."

IT IS NO GREAT CREDIT to the worm to turn when stepped upon. A barrel-hoop will do the same thing.

THE EARTH is the Lord's, but the fullness thereof is largely owned by Kentucky citizens.



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

WE SAT beneath the foliage green, Where we could watch the dance unseen And undisturbed, while 'midst the gloom Of the dark leaves the sweet perfume Of blooming flowers-rich and rare-Spread around us everywhere.

> And as the music softly fell, It seemed to weave some magic spell Of mighty power o'er our thought, A peace and beauty with it brought, And castles wonderful and fair, We built upon the empty air.

Our minds were wandering in space, But in my thought I saw her face Before me ever, sweet and pure-How long would this bright dream endure? Unconsciously I sought her hand, She held my heart at her command.

And she then glancing overhead, Where waving leaves and branches spread, Whispered so tenderly and low: "Is not that plant the mistletoe?"

'Twas not, it might as well have been, 'Twas Christmas Eve-we were unseen.

Flavel Scott Mines.

A SHORT LOOK AHEAD.

THE HIRED GIRL had arisen from her luxurious couch, and was standing before the dressing-table in her boudoir, arranging her long, badly-

beaten gold-hued tresses, in a fashion which would tend to keep them from falling too numerously into the succulent preparations of the cuisine department over which she reigned supreme. Upon the marble-top

before her lay a programme of the Coach Gentlemen and Hostlers' grand ball, which she had attended

the evening before.

She picked it up and carelessly glanced over the names of her part-ners: James E. Quine, C. A. B. Driver, Samuel Hansom, Peter Herdic, (his X mark,) and a dozen others who had sought her hand in the mazy the evening before. did she care for the most? Which

Suddenly up the stairway a voice floated softly. She started up, and there was a strange menacing light in her eye.

Again the words came distinctly to her ears from the unseen speaker below; but she answered not.

Rising from the luxurious divan upon which she had thrown herself, she waited; but the voice did not come again.

Ten minutes later there was a knock at her door. She rose, and received from a liveried page a delicately scented note. It read:

"Mrs. Wealthy's compliments to Miss De Cook, and asks if she may expect a few moments' assistance in the preparation of the dinner at six?"

Turning languidly to an elegant-ly-carved escritoire, the maid dashed off the following and handed it to the waiting boy, who bowed and vanished:



GENEROUS TO A FAULT.

Mr. Preferred Redding.—Now, Baxter, that I've fixed all the rest, if you'll drive down to Simpson's I'd like to remember you and the cook a little. I've got one shirt-stud left, but it looks bad to leave too much in one place, you know. I'm going to petition to have Christmas come twice a year. It makes things so nice and lively!

"Miss de Cook's compliments To Mrs Wealthy and thincks she Is

gettin to frech And askin more than the contrak cals for.

"But will give Mrs Wealthy audiense At 5:38 and Consult and advize regardind The repast though Miss de Cook is much To ongweed to asist in preparin It."

C. N. Hood.

AN INGENIOUS Scotchman has just made a scratching post of Welsh words.

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHER doesn't believe in eating the candle at both ends.

A FRENCH BEGGAR—or, at least, a beggar who can address you in French, has a great advantage over other beggars. If you can't speak French, he does n't get a cent. But if you can, he gets a half-a-dollar.

THE FACT that dead men tell no tales sometimes makes us regret that literary men are first-class life-insurance risks.

T is when a man is unable to preserve his balance that he hesitates to give an account of him-

A YOUNG MAN who intended to A press his suit first went and had his suit pressed. There is a big field for humor in the English

OF ALL biblical characters, Daniel was probably the most lionized.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.

AT THE TOP OF THE SLIDE.



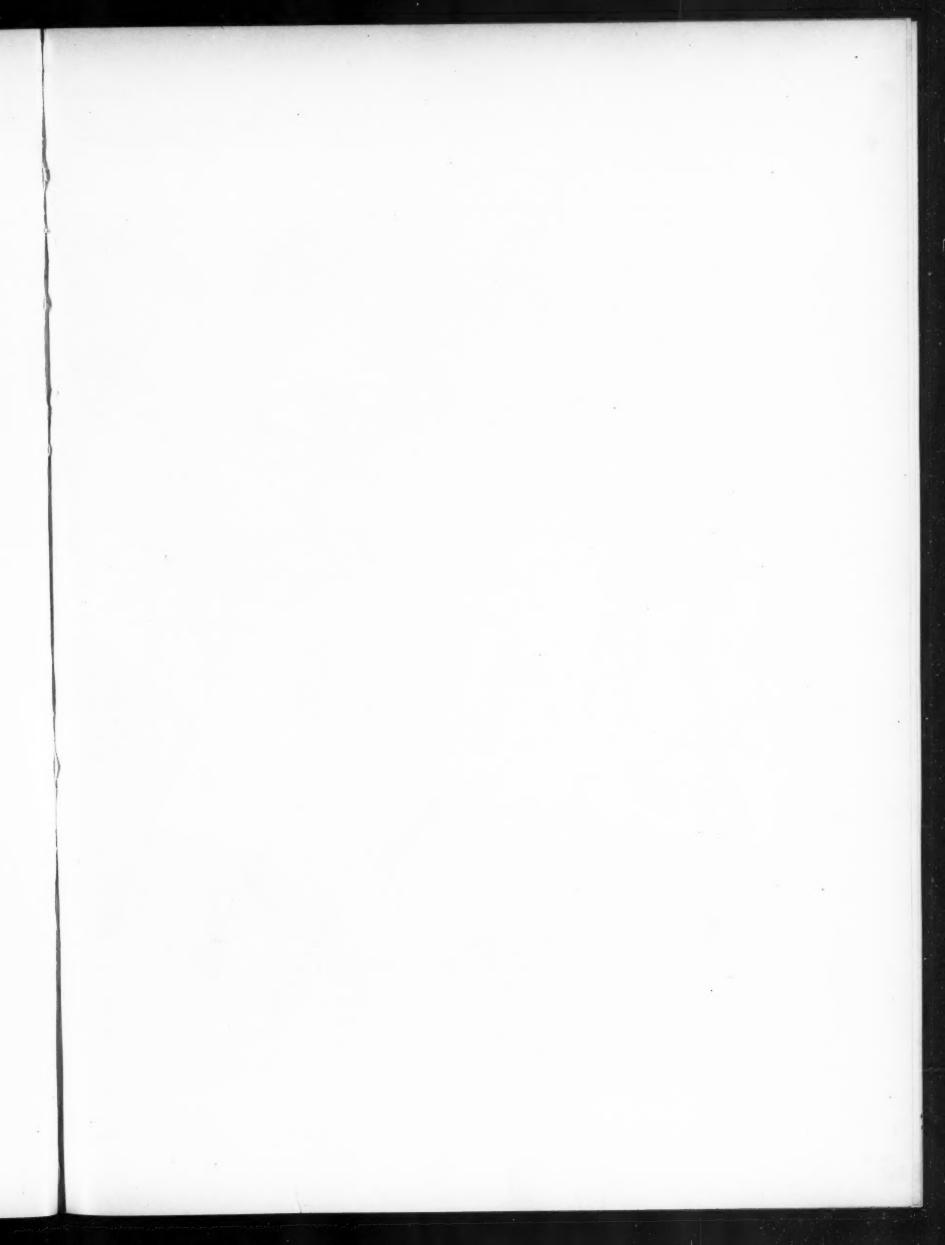
STEERSMAN.—All ready, Bascom?

Bascom.—Yes—or-er wait a moment. If Miss Kittyman will kindly tuck her feet in a little closer, I think we shall find less wind-resistance.

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



"Children, the custom of making Christmas day the occasion of hilarity is a pernicious one. There lies all that is mortal of your poor great-grandmother, and I trust you will realize that this trip has cost me seven dollars and eighty cents."



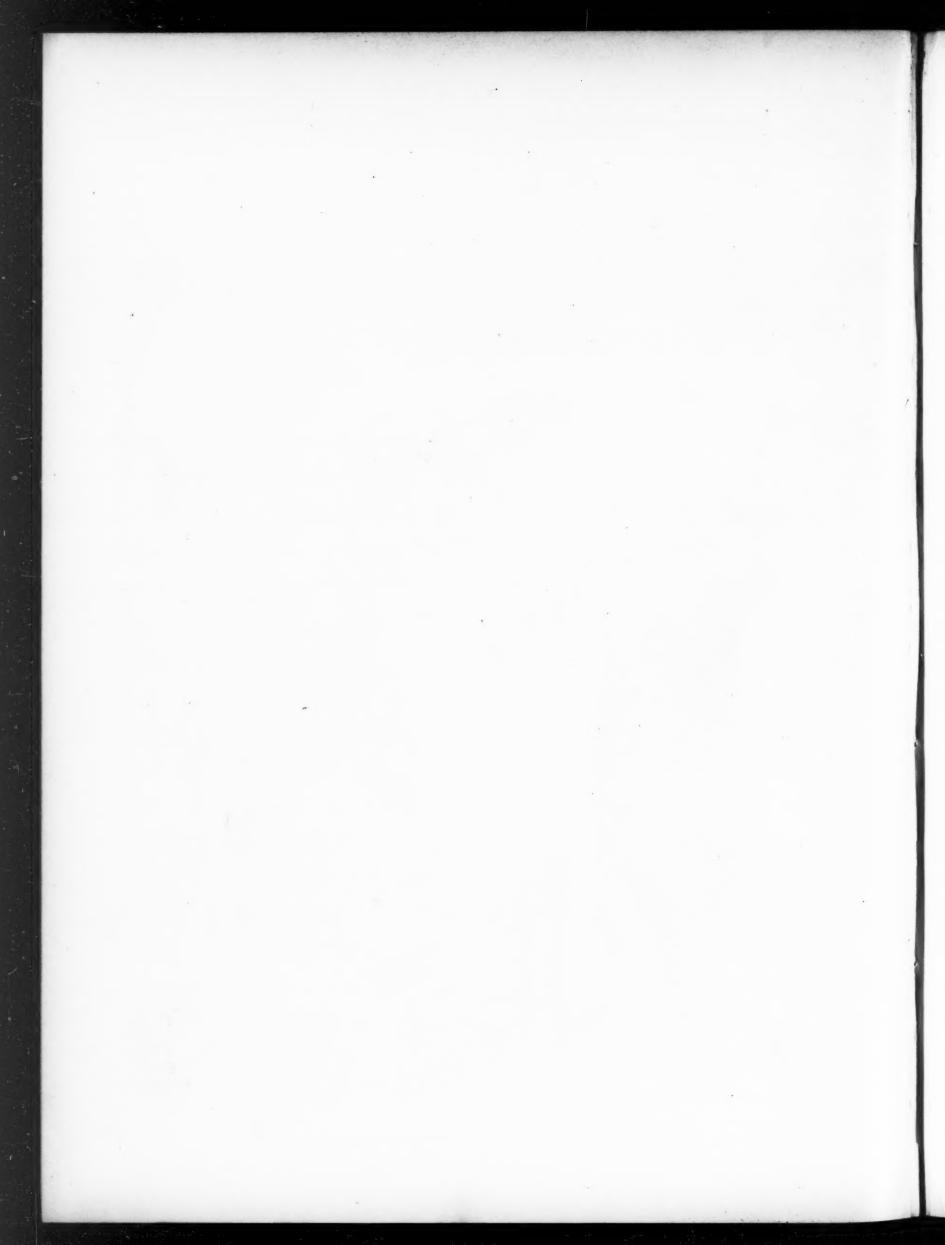


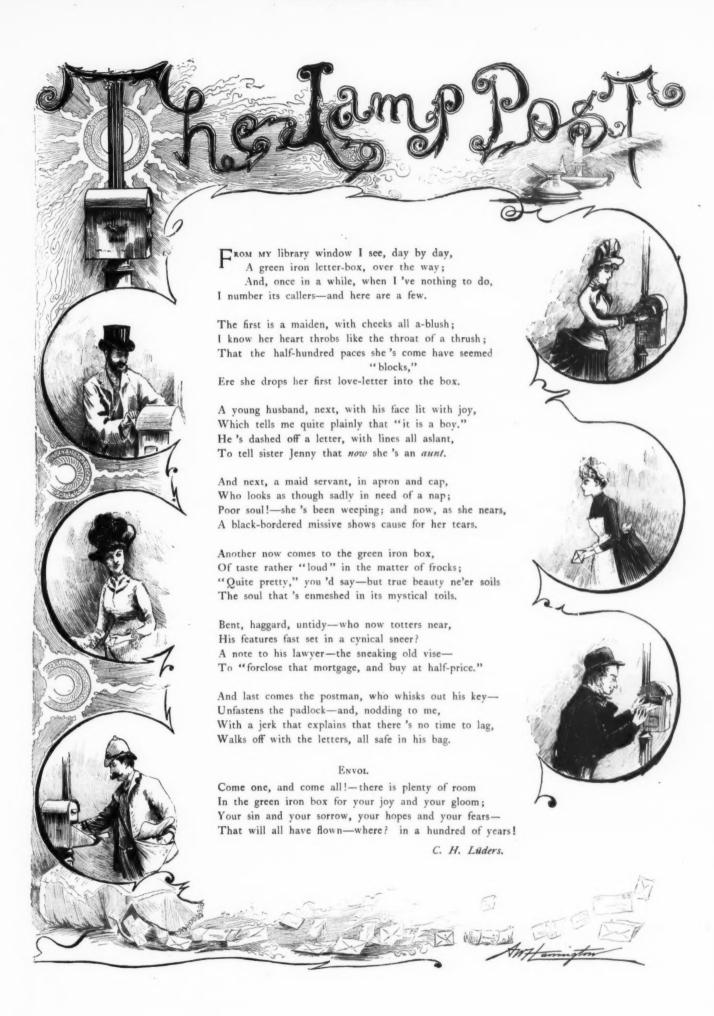
A COLD DAY FOR THE "SASSETY" I



"SASSETY" FANCY-DRESS PARTY.

1MPORT SOME ENGLISH CLIMATE AND SOME SOLID ENGLISH BUILDING, OR THEY WILL HAVE SOME REAL FUN WITH PLAIN OLD AMERICAN PNEUMONIA.







As near as may be interpreted, the domestic episode proceeds about like this:

BASSANIO

(in demi-toilette, tugging at the neck-band of his shirt).

Out on the lumber-kneading crone, I say,
That hath so ragged this neck environment
That I do chafe like culprit i' the noose!
And, by the jingling gods! Her knuckle-bone
Hath rubbed a button from its wonted place.
What ho, within, Portia! I say, Portia!

PORTIA (from within).

Aye, sweet Bassanio; I am coming, dear.

BASSANIO.

Haste thee, thou laggard, thou! Thou lumb'ring snail!
And bring me, and thou wouldest please thy liege,
A needle and a hank of carpet-thread.
I'll have thee cleat this ivory thigumbob
So firmly to its linen anchorage
That forty thousand sirens of the tub
Can ne'er displace it. (fingers neck-band.) Ouch!
Holy Caligula!

PORTIA (entering).
What now, Bassanio! Art in pain, my lord?

BASSANIO

In pain! In pain!! O, goblin of the suds!
O, rinsing hag of bubbling Tartarus,
May Pluto scourge thee for the pin thou 'st left
Where it would sink two fathoms i' my thumb!
My tenderest thumb, the thumb that t' other morn
I did mistake me for a carpet-tack.

PORTIA.

There, there, Bassanio, 'twas a cruel drab, A careless wench that thus did bring thee harm; But let me help thee. (assists him.) Now it is adjust, And when the button 's on—

Bassanio (tapping cast-iron bosom).
Euripides!
An this be not a lignum-vitæ slab,
A bosom harder than the flinty rock,
Then I'm a moon-calf. Here is bunched the starch
That should have spread promiscuous thro' the wash.
Out on the petrifaction! Should I bow
In this 'twould rise in mass and cut

my throat.

Perdition take the dame!

The STUDENT of Shakspere, bearing company with certain of the poet's characters through many pages of what Dr. Johnson has been pleased to call "sonorous epithets and swelling figures," will be pardoned if he sometimes pauses to wonder if there were not, in their age and community, episodes of frequent occurrence that would have called from these same characters language and treatment somewhat less inflated and formal. As he marches from Rome to Sardis to the rhythm of the heroics of Bru-

tus, drinks the stimulus of refined rhetoric from the lips of the "melancholy Dane," or sets his soul's æolian to vibrate to the billowings of Bassanio's eloquence, as friendship and love in turn invite its overflow, he finds himself inquiring as to what measure of this linguistic euphony—this first-magnitude constellation of words—these very beings would have employed in coping with the trivial annoyances of life's daily routine. Would Brutus, for instance, vexed by a mosquito upon the plains of Philippi, have exclaimed:

"Ah, ha! thou suction-wielding battener!
Thou baling pirate of insectuous mien!
I'll waste no steel upon thy vertebræ,
But give thee heaviest tonnage o' my palm?"

Or would he have hauled off at once, and, as he squashed the marauder, ejaculated:

"Take that, you Hackensack Gallinipper!"

Would it have pleased Hamlet, in the event of dropping a collar-button down his back, to have met the emergency with—

"Ye gods! how slight a thing will move a man To creeping chills along the spinal chord, And make him crave infinitude of reach!"

Or would he have been more likely to remark:

"Drat the luck! I've got to partially unharness to get that thing out!"

Continued inquiry in this direction, associated as it is with alternating draughts from the great dramatist, serves rather to stereotype, in the student's mind, the "pomp of diction" whose constant assertion invoked his questioning, and when his imagination presents to him a picture of Bassanio, married and settled in Belmont, and engaged in preparation for a Kirmess to which he has been invited by Alderman Castile, the result demonstrates that his fancy has, to a certain extent, at least, caught the infection of style. The situation assumes the arrival of the weekly wash, and Bassanio is discovered struggling with one of its constituents.



PORTIA.

Bassanio!

Withhold thy vig'rous speech, she meant no harm; Thou must have mercy; need I tell thee o'er The quality of mercy is not strained?—

BASSANIO.

Nor was this starch, my gentle moralist,
And so—(starts)—By all the spectres of the Styx!
Look on this wrist-band! read that monogram!
This shirt is property of Count Gonzagas!
Thy laundry wench hath got the washes mixed.
Great Jinglejowl! The drab! The scurvy stuff!
The lout! The swash! The saponaceous drudge!
Hand me my rapier, Portia. Nay, forbear!
Withhold me not, I say! I'll be avenged!
(Seizing weapon.) I'll whittle, mangle, carve this
Jezebel!

This drenching, mopping, sopping spatterer—
Till like a hodge-podge they will find the scrub
Soused in the socket of her soap-smeared tub!

(Curtain.)

Wade Whipple.



SIMPLICITY.

A simple little maiden I,
Of somewhat scant nineteen.
By friends I am considered shy;
My charms do not attract the eye—
The vulgar eye, I mean.

But some one says my figure neat,
My cheeks' fair, healthy glow,
My eyes and hair, my waist petite,
That these have brought him to my feet—
And he should surely know.

The present literary craze
I don't pretend to share;
To talk of authors, and their ways,
To seek their autographs, and praise
Their works, I do not dare.

But some one (else) is sure my mind Is equal to the best. He says by nature 'twas designed To think for two; he means, I find, More than a simple jest. But there 's another who declares
These charms escaped his eye.
He fell in love with me, he swears,
When first he saw me, unawares,
Because—he don't know why.

And as I think my lovers o'er,
I give them all their due:
One's nice; two's pleasant, nothing more;
Three's—well, a falsehood I abhor—
/ like three best—don't you?
S. D. S., Jr.

CAUSE FOR EXCITEMENT.

Honesty is a novelty that ought to take if properly introduced.

A CERTAIN CIGARETTE has a Latin motto, which, freely translated, is: "Things which injure instruct." We don't see how any cigarette can instruct; but the rest of the motto seems to be all right.

LITTLE DROPS of water, little grains of sand, make the milk and grocer man mighty in the land.

IN REFERENCE to matrimony,
Philosophy says: "First
get your cage, then get your
bird." But Philosophy should
remember that the birds themselves mate before they build
their nests.



There has been an interesting event in Badgley's household, of which Johnny has been kept in ignorance.

JOHNNY.—Put this on the tree, too, pop. I found it in marm's room. She's asleep!

When playing the game of Life, watch the de'il.

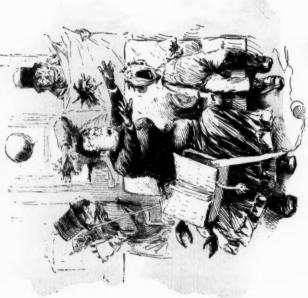
A LADY OUT in Michigan recently lost an ear through the carelessness of a burglar who shot wide of the mark—her husband. The most painful part of the calamity, however, lay in the fact that she had just been presented with a pair of solitaire diamond earrings.

THE WOMAN who married her husband for money never complains that he does n't kiss her as much as he did before the wedding took place.

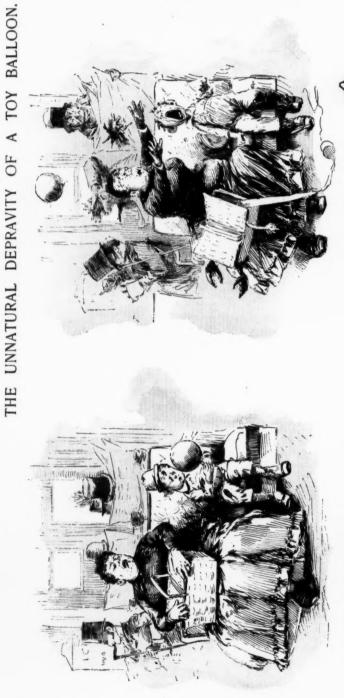
ONE OF the easiest things to acquire is the knack of kissing a pretty girl. But you have to have a girl, of course, to practice on.



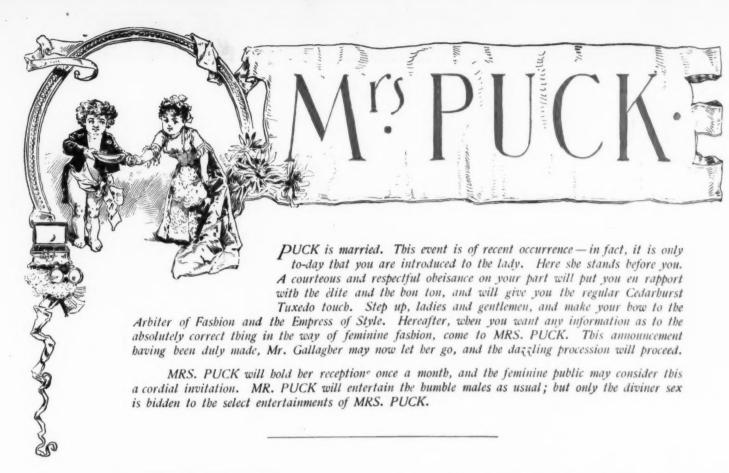












TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. K. L. M.—Your black silk will make over excellently. Decorate the back with hand-painting or decalcomanie, and insert Japanese kakemonos as panels in the skirt. If the beholder does not consider you a dream of loveliness, ask him to eat hot gingerbread just before retiring.

LILY L.—Yes, traveling costumes will be quite the correct thing for weddings this year. If, as you say, you are to marry a bank-cashier, we would suggest a quiet arrangement of gray, striped with brown, and trimmed simply, yet symbolically, with baggage-checks.

ECONOMY ELSIE.—We hardly think it would pay you to dye your sevencent calico dress, as you propose; but if you have a broken pane in any of your windows, it might fill a long-felt want.

Smith.—We can not help you. You will have to buy her the hat, of course; but you might at least ask her father if he does n't want to take the mortgage.

AUNT SALLY.—We really do not know any way of eradicating the hole burned in the front breadth of your black alpaca. Can any of our readers suggest a remedy?

WILHELMINA, CHICAGO.—You are in error. Canal-boats and canal-boots are two different things.

MAMIE G. w.—You do not seem to have the correct idea at all. When you mail your card to a lady who has invited you to a reception which you can not attend, it is not necessary to send your husband's business cards, and it is positively loud to enclose a dozen of his circulars. We should advise you to amend your practice in this matter.

B. GROOM.—Yes, a lavender silk tie will be just the thing for an evening wedding-ceremony if the performance is to take place in Kansas City. Further east it means sudden death and ignominious interment.

Anxious.—The etiquette of leaving cards is delicate and difficult.

Turn down all the four corners and both ends, and punch a hole in the middle, if you want to be dead-sure and safe.

YOUNG MOTHER.—Your baby is evidently suffering from teething. To this cause we should refer his restlessness and constant crying. Spank freely, day and night.

Jane o'd. w. Mc F.—The propriety of using your brother's accordion as a bustle seems to us doubtful. We admire a reasonable love of the fine arts, and we can not but think that you have not a proper sense of the holy beauty of music.

MISS J. EDITH HOOPENHEIMER, KEOKUK.—A vinalgrette is not a salad. For salads, see our department of "Hints to Housekeepers."

J. JAY. - A spotted vest is not necessarily fatal.

Lena Limited.—You can make cheap yet effective sleeves for your teagown out of a pair of ordinary overalls, gathered at the wrist and knee.



HOME-MADE STYLE.

Mrs. Feagin (from inside).—Who 's thot wan, Maggie? Miss Feagin.—Crotty, th' bhlacksmit's daughter, Mother; an' th' ould man's med her chattyloon chain a thrifle hivvy!

ANT PUCKS HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE LOWER the neck, the higher the price, is the rule as to gowns this year.

Sulphuric acid will take stains out of carpets, and also out of the floor underneath.

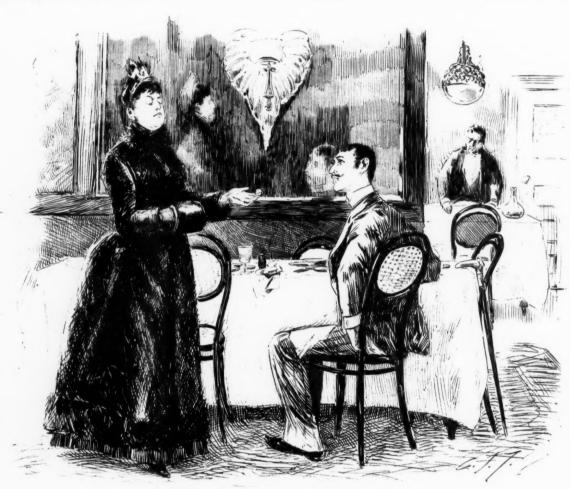
Sorting the grains of sand out of the sugar will be a popular pastime during the coming winter season.

A Mong simple yet effective decorations for the home the hand-painted codfish takes a high rank. It is cheap, and hangs flat against the wall, yet it never fails to attract attention.

LADIES of limited means may be reminded that a liberal application of oil to a plush Newmarket gives it the real seal-skin feel.

A FRYING-PAN painted in imitation of a banjo makes an excellent wall-decoration, and lessens the chances of danger to the beef-steak.

DECORATING in colored silks the ends of white lawn ties is a charming freak of fashion, and offers an agreeable occupation to young ladies with a large acquaintance among the other sex. Nothing can be a more delightful surprise to a really well-bred young gentleman than a present of an evening-dress tie with a brightly tinted Kate Greenaway picture on each end.



TRAVELING ALONE, AND ABLE TO.

HOTEL DINING-ROOM MASHER (who has made himself a little previous in his efforts to get everything on the table for his fair neighbor).— Is there nothing else you'll have?

Neighbor (rising).— Thank you, no! (Hands him a quarter, and leaves him to his thoughts.)

A DELIGHTFUL and economical dish may be made out of the bone left after boiling soup-meat. Cut the bone into small cubes, roll in batter and fry to a delicate brown. It is possible to combine the eating of this dish with a pleasing and entertaining game by painting spots on the cubes, such as appear on the ordinary dice of commerce, and letting each member of the family bet on biting the highest number. Breaking a tooth on two sixes counts the player out.

T HAS LONG been felt that there is little originality in the selection of prizes for progressive euchre and whist parties. We venture to suggest a few articles that might be advantageously added to the list. A side of mutton would be acceptable to almost anybody; and a pair of shoes would probably be received with gratitude. A neat silk hat would be an appropriate present to a gentleman, at any season of the year. For the giver of the progressive euchre party, a cool padded cell seems to be about the most appropriate reward of merit.

HATS WITH red crowns and blue brims will be popular this winter, and ladies of an economical turn of mind can let out advertising space at seventy-five cents per square inch for the season.

The Pickle-Jar is often a household problem. It occupies valuable space, and is not in any way ornamental. A dear little friend of ours has found an ingenious way of making this unsightly object serve a useful as well as an æsthetic purpose. Over the cover she has stretched a circular piece of quilted satin; the edge neatly trimmed with chenille of a darker shade. Cotton-batting is placed underneath, in the region of the handle, and the whole arrangement forms a comfortable seat, a valance falling from the cover to the floor. This is a great aid to easy conversation in the drawing-room. It always pleases a visitor to ask him if he would like a pickle, and, on his replying that such is his desire, to request him to arise and get one out of the furniture.

MATERUCKS HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

"CAUSE WHY."



We all lingered late,
While chatting with Kate
To-day, at her five-o'clock tea—
When vivacious Mabel
Leaned back from the table,
With casual mention of Lee.

As that name was uttered,
The maidens all fluttered—
You wish to discover the reason?
This modern Apollo,
In whose train they follow,
Is the leading parti of the season.

Thus spoke pensive Carrie:
"He's not on the marry!"
Her manner said: "Oh, that he were!"
May granted his smile
Might some folks beguile,
But had, really, no weight with her!

"They say he is sighing
Abroad to be flying
To a cousin in Cornwall," quoth Flo,
"He's not!" exclaimed Alice,
With readiest malice;
"For his taste she'd be quite too slow!"

Oh, all that they said,
While breaking Kit's bread,
Would fill, I am sure, a big tome;
And though I felt tired,
You could not have hired
This girlie, just then, to go home!

Yet never a word
Did I say, while I heard
The dear boy's intentions presaged;
Do I love him, too?
You ask. Well, I do—
For, you see, he and I are engaged!

Belle Evelyn Cable.



ITEMS OF THE FUTURE.

THE BILL granting the right of suffrage to all women born in the United States, who have attained the age of twenty-one years, passed the Senate yesterday, and the President has already signified his intention of approving the same. The bill passed the house a month ago.—October, 1st, 1900.

The registration lists show that there are nearly a million women in the United States who have not availed themselves of the right of suffrage. It is no longer a rumor, but a settled fact, that more than two-thirds of this number are eligible, but refuse to admit they are twenty-one. — October 2nd, 1901.

The women's caucus that was held last night at their hall on Sixth Avenue was a very exciting and somewhat unsatisfactory affair. The chairwoman wore a hat with ostrich plumes, dyed a deep scarlet, which fact created a great furore among the more conservative of the ladies present. Such a display of bright colored plumes was voted "fast," and more than two-thirds of those present left the hall, making it impossible to nominate any candidate. It is fair to say that the sweet malcontents belonged to both parties. — October 10th, 1901.

Wednesday evening the lady voters of one of our most populous wards nominated Mrs. Birdie Darling as representative. It is not thought, however, that she can be elected. Part of the determined opposition is due to the fact that her first name is diminutive, and they assert that they will never vote for a woman whose first name ends in ie, to say nothing of her last name being Darling, which fact, of course, she could n't help, unless she had remained single. — October 20th, 1001

As we had already prognosticated in our columns for the past month, the men carried the elections in every ward. With the exception of representatives in school boards and a few other minor offices the women got nothing. There can be no doubt but that internal dissensions and petty jealousies made it impossible for the ladies to unite on any one candidate.

November 6th, 1901.

Ugly rumors are in the air. It is openly said that married men bribed their wives with promises of seal-skin sacques, backed up with additional statements that they would sign the pledge, in order to induce them to vote for male candidates. Even more frightful is the allegation that many single women were influenced by a promise on the part of young male voters to marry them at an early date should they unite with them in picking out a proper male representative. It does seem hard that the dictates of a woman's heart should interfere with her political convictions. Yet such is life!—November 12th, 1901.

A meeting of unmarriageable widows and hopeless old maids was called last evening at a hall amply able to accommodate a very large attendance. Either the way in which the call was put, or else the general apathy of woman to seize upon her newly acquired rights is responsible for the fact that a very small gathering was present. In spite of the small attendance, it was voted that it was useless for women to contemplate great changes in politics until woman's nature should itself undergo a reformation. Having determined on this statement of fact the meeting adjourned.—November 20th, 1901.

In a mass meeting last night the lady voters of this city drew up the following resolutions:

Resolved: I.—That an educated woman owning property has a greater right to vote than an ignorant man owning no property, and that she should have some voice about her taxes.

II.—That as many women, not respectable, make themselves prominent through politics and assert themselves in our public meetings, we, the honest women, though still claiming our right to vote, do now declare that having had that right granted us, we do voluntarily withdraw from frequent contests, in which to triumph politically we must unsex ourselves.—December 1st, 1901.

FROM THE MOUTH OF BABES.

Grandpa is unnecessarily sensitive on the score of being as bald as a soap-bubble, and the fact is never spoken of in his presence. Aunt Mary has bought a seal-skin cap for Uncle James.

LITTLE ALBERT (as the doors are thrown open).—
Hooray! Dranpa's dot a new wig!



Clarence Stetson.

Mrs Pucks Household Departme

A CHAPTER OF DOMESTIC POLITICS.

ALWAYS IN ORDER

Wife. - Clara was asking me to-day if next year is n't leap year, and I could n't tell her.

Husband. - How old is Clara, now? WIFE. - Nearly twenty-seven.

Husband.-Well, you can tell her that next year is leap year, and that this year is leap year, and that the year before was leap year, and that as a jumper she 's a back-number.

A BROKEN PROMISE.

"Come, John, get up," said his wife, briskly: "it's seven o'clock. You said you would get up at seven."

"I kn-know it, my dear," acquiesced sleepy John: "but it was last night when I said it. It's easy enough to get up early the night be-fore;" and he turned over and went to sleep again.

CHRISTIANIZING INFLUENCE.

WIFE .- Do you think, my dear, that hanging prevents murder?

Husband .- No; I don't know that it does. But it sends a good many people to heaven who otherwise would n't get there.

DYING OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

"The doctor says that you are doing nicely, ames," she said to her sick husband. "He lames," thinks all you need now is a stimulant, and recommends whiskey."

"That doctor knows his business!" exclaimed the patient, emphatically, rising up in his bed. "How much am I to take?"

"A teaspoonful twice a day." Then the convalescent fell back and is now suffering from a dangerous

NOT HIS FAULT.

relapse.

"I am afraid, my dear," said a wife to her husband; "that you don't

love me as much as you did when you were courting me."

"Possibly not," he replied, calmly:
"you don't weigh as much by twenty pounds as you did then. There is n't so much to love."

Maria is so musical, Her very shoes are stringéd; While so angelical is she, Her very hat is wingéd.



The House holds a protracted sitting



and votes a large quantity of supplies.



The Bill is violently opposed by the Committee of Ways and Means, and the necessary appropriation is refused.

DID N'T LAST LONG.

"It is foolish for us to quarrel, dear,"

said a lady to her husband.
"I know it is," he responded, fondly; and the past was forgotten in their complete reconciliation.

Presently she complained of a pain in her side, and he told her that she wore her corsets altogether too tight for health or comfort; and then another quarrel took place, of course.

SURPLUS ENERGY.

"Mama," said Bobby, who was flattening his nose against the window-pane and drearily listening to the pattering of the rain outside: "can't I go out jest for a

"Certainly not, dear, in all this storm," was his mama's dictum: "what do you want to go out for?"

"I jest want to go out to holler."

A HINT TO SHOP-KEEPERS.

DRY-GOODS CLERK (to MRS. VAN X., who contemplates extensive purchases). - What can I

show you, Lady?

Mrs. Van X. (promptly). — Nothing, sir!

The "lady" then leaves in disgust.

WHERE HE HAD HER.

"Bobby," said his mama: "I hear that you have been using bad words."

"Who told you, Ma?" "Never mind who told me; a little mouse, perhaps."

After a brief contemplative silence over the mouse business Bobby inquired:

"Well, did the little mouse say which was the worst to do—use bad words or tell wrong stories?"

A FUNNY MISTAKE.

HUSBAND .- Where is the screwdriver, my dear?

Wife. — Screw-driver? Don't you mean corkscrew?
Husband. — Yes, certainly. Funny WIFE .- Excessively so.

IF IT WERE the fashion for men to wear bustles, they would n't know how to sit down. Another evidence of woman's superiority.



But strong pressure is brought to bear by all the members of the House



and the Bill is finally passed.



"A bottle of EDENIA for Nellie! Oh, when will I be a young lady?"

UNDBORG'S

LUNDBORG'S "RHENISH COLOGNE."

If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity, send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barelay Street, New York.

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IN SEWING MACHINERY.

Wheeler & Wilson's New High-Arm

Family Sewing Machine





THE



The Wheeler & Wilson "No. 9" for the Family, the "No. 12" for Manufacturers, and their Automatic Button-hole Machine are unrivalled for Speed, Durability and Perfection of Work.

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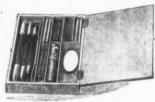
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Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue.



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The cut above illustrates our lates, design of collars for Pointers, Setters, etc. Made of Harness Leather, richly ornamented with nickel trimmings, design shown in cut. Sent by mail on receipt of \$2.50. Illustrated Catalogue, describing all kinds of Dog Furnishings, sent on receipt of 25 cents.

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Patent Ventilated EIDER and ARCTIC

HAVE THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES:

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LICHTNESS — They weigh
but from 3 to 4 lbs.
WARMTH — Equal in warmth
to three pairs of Blankets.
DURABILITY — Will wear
twenty years.
BEAUTY — They are a great
Ornament to Bedrooms.
PURITY — Down guaranteed
thoroughly purified.

DOWN UNDERSKIRTS:

weight, about 24 ozs. each. They are warm as several flau-nels, and give a graceful and elegant support to the dress.

The DOWN SOFA PILLOWS

are made so as to be very at-tractive, and are sold at moder-ate prices.

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than first cost.

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The Best Chair in the "Wide, Wide World,"
AN ELEGANT HOLIDAY PRESENT. Look at this Picture of Solid Comfort, and then go or send to 980 Breadway, New York, (bet. 21st and 22d Sts.,) and buy a

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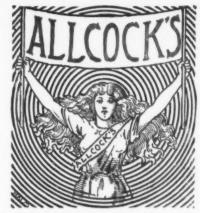


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\$500.

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In Mr. Keppler's cartoon are 30 faces, some openly displayed, some hidden away in the drawing. The initials of the names of the people thus portrayed, when arranged in order, spell out a brief sentence appropriate to the season. By name, we mean the name by which the person is generally known. As, for instance, supposing their portraits were in the picture, (they are not, though.) Mary Anderson, President Polk and Colonel E. E. Ellsworth would be "Anderson," "Polk" and "Ells-

" and their initials would spell APE.

Now, do you understand? Find out ALL the portraits, combine their initials so as to spell the sentence, and send us names and sentence both, on the blank on the back of this notice, and you will have your slice of

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS,

which will be divided among the winners. But

- REMEMBER!

You must cut out the blank on the next page, fill it up and send it to us, or you are

THE RACE! NOT IN

(See Page VIII.)

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remey. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

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At regular intervals during the Fall and Winter months the Chicago and Northwestern Railway will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and other California points at very low rates for the round trip. Such tickets will be good to return six months from date of sale. For full particulars address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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FROM THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS

TOKAY WINES.

What the Hungarian Trade Papers Say About Them.

Report of ARMIN VARNAI to the President of the "Tolcsva Association for Grape Culture and Wine Production." (Copied from the number of November 28th, 1886, of the Magyar Kers-kedoek Lapja, or, the "Organ of the Hungarian Merchants.")

"". We have to make mention of one laudable

We have to make mention of one laudable exception among the purchasers of genuine Tokay Wines, and this is the firm of A. HELLER & CO., in Buda-Pesth and New York. The aforenamed world-renowned house, as in former years, spares no efforts to secure the best and purest qualities right here in the valleys of the Tokay Mountains, regardless of the prices asked by the growers. The New York Branch of A. HELLER & CO. (A. Heller & Bro., 35 & 37 Broad Street, and 307 & 309 E. 54th Street), by the way, deserves great credit for having popularized on the other side of the Atlantic the judgment and acknowledgement for genuine Tokay Wines and Assu, and at the same time opening a market for these articles in the New World . . ."

ZEMPLÉN, the Official Gazette of the Local Government of the Province of Zemplén, speaks on the same subject as follows:

"... The judgment for genuine Tokay Wines is in America more general than in the capital of Hungary During a period of ten years not nearly as great a quantity of that noblest of wines has been shipped to Buda-Pesth, as the New York Branch of A. HELLER & CO. has imported yearly, and, what is more, they were ex-clusively of prime quality and mellow old age."

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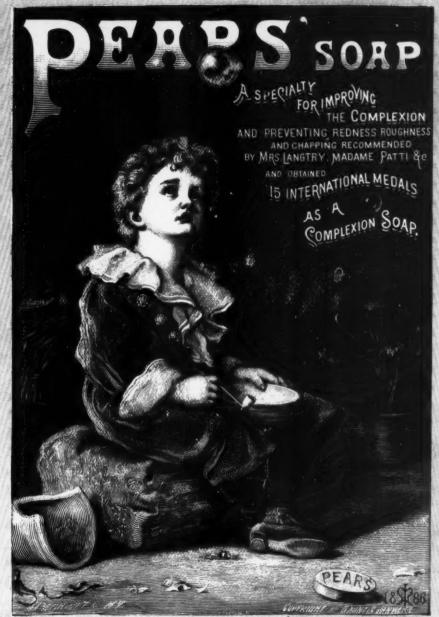
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